

Life and Light for Woman

The Bible in Czecho-Slovakia

Mrs. John S. Porter

Orphans and Their Caretakers

Myrtle O. Shane

The Outlook at Gedik Pasha

Ethel W. Putney

A Difficult Sum in Addition

Mrs. Frank Mason North

**Congregational Woman's Boards
of Missions
PUBLISHED IN BOSTON**

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PRAGUE'S PRINCIPAL AVENUE



RUINS OF MONUMENT ERECTED IN 1621 TO COMMEMORATE AUSTRIA'S TRIUMPH OVER BOHEMIA. IT WAS DEMOLISHED OCT. 28, 1918

Life and Light

Vol. LI

April, 1921

No. 4

The Bible in Czechoslovakia

By Mrs. J. S. Porter

A LONG time ago, away back in the ninth century, two missionaries of the Pravoslav or Greek Church came from the South to the land of Moravia and Bohemia. They came to a beautiful land; a land of fertile fields and flowing rivers, of mountains and plains covered with magnificent forests. The people who lived in this land were shepherds and farmers, warm-hearted and brave, but pagans. To these people came the two missionaries, Cyril and Methodius, and they brought to them a knowledge of God as revealed in the Scriptures, a church ritual in their own Slavonic tongue, and the cup, that is freedom for the laity to partake of the sacrament in both kinds.

There is a saying that "Bohemia is a beautiful land but more beautiful than the land is her history," and of that history the Bible is a very part. Bohemia is called "The Land of the Book and the Cup." For these two things—freedom to read "the Word," and freedom to partake of the cup, the people of the land have long fought, bled, suffered and died.

"When God walks the earth, his footsteps are centuries apart." Six hundred years have passed away since Cyril and Methodius came to Moravia and Bohemia. The light of a new day is breaking all over Central and Western Europe, and wonderful things are being done in art and literature, science and discovery. During the dark ages in cloister cells and in Bohemian houses beautifully illuminated Bibles and portions had been made by hand, but now, four years before Columbus discovered America, the Bible was printed in Prague. Other beautiful editions soon followed. One of these first Bibles can be seen in the National Museum in Prague. It was printed by one "Kramar Pytlik in the house of Matthew of the White Lion." It was buried in the earth near

Breznice and found in 1830. This Bible is interesting as "the first instance on record of the application of the newly invented art of printing to the multiplication of the Scriptures in a living tongue."

The history of the Bible and of the Christian religion in this age is briefly pictured on one of the pages of the 16th century Bohemian hymn book "Kancibual,"—"Wyclif strikes a spark from the flinty rock. Huss blows it to a flame. Luther bears aloft a burning torch."

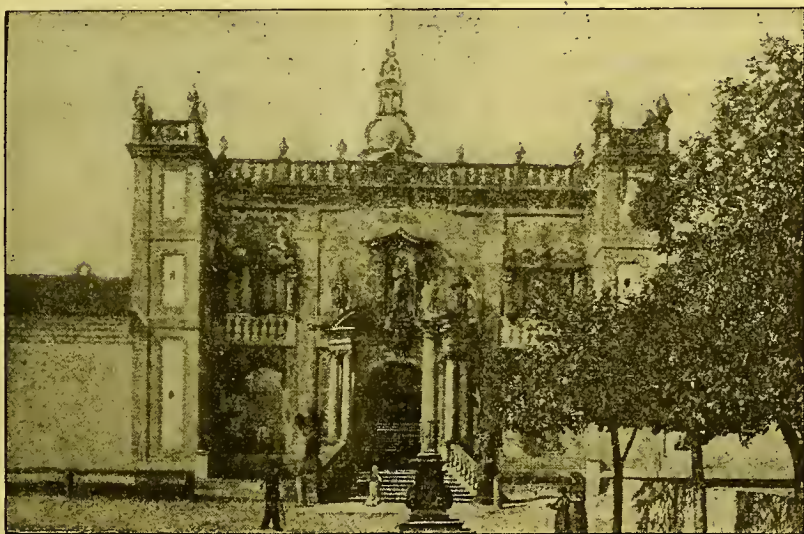
"The Land of the Book and the Cup!" Because of these two things and all that they stand for Jan Huss and Jerome were burned at the stake. Some thousands of Hussites were thrown into the mines at Kutna Hora. "The meanest Hussite woman knows her Bible better than any Romish priest," said Pope Pius II.

Krasa the merchant was dragged through the streets of Prague and then burned at the stake, but "For the gospel, I am prepared to die," said he. Twenty-four of the chief men of Leitmeritz were thrown in the river and drowned. Pavel Crawar, Bohemia's missionary (medical) to Scotland, was burned at St. Andrews. Bohemia could well add *her* list of martyrs to the 11th of Hebrews; those who suffered and died for the faith that was in them and for the "Word of God."

Seven years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth a group of noble learned men, after fourteen years of work, had just completed in the castle of Kralita new translations of the Bible into Bohemian. Beautiful and dignified of diction, making clear and comprehensible even most difficult passages (surpassing at times our American Revised Version in this respect), this Kralicka translation, generally used even at the present time and the standard of Bohemian literature, is a magnificent piece of work. And they finished it, printed and circulated it just in time, for, in the years of fierce persecution at hand, while most of these Bibles were destroyed some were buried like seed in the earth, afterwards to bear fruit in the hearts and lives of men.

Only a few months after the landing of the Pilgrims occurred

the fateful battle of the White Mountains near Prague. One morning in the June following, the richest blood of the Protestant nobles was poured out on the Velke Namesti, Prague (The Great Market). These men had spent the night in song and in prayer with special request that God would "show them a token for good." (Psalm 86-17), and then as they were about to lay down their lives, a beautiful light, it is said, appeared in the sky and they took it as a token that God would answer their prayers and remember their country for good. One after the other, twenty-four of the nobles were beheaded and three were hung. It seemed as if the light had left Bohemia and from that day the "Velke Namesti," was called "Our Ichabod," "The Glory of Bohemia has departed." The best citizens were imprisoned, banished, or executed. Some of those banished found their way to Count Zinzendorf and under his fostering care were formed into a church with headquarters at Herrnhut, Saxony. This church, which had the name of "The Unity of the Bohemian and Moravian Brethren," is now known simply as the "Moravian Church." Others, taking little but their Bibles fled to other lands. Bibles and hymn books were hunted down and burned and it was a crime punishable with death to own or read a Bible.



Church on Holy Mountain

Scotland, they say, had a "killing time" from 1660-68 but Bohemia's "killing time" lasted many times as long. Nevertheless some of those Kralicka Bibles were hidden or buried in the earth and, although edict after edict was passed to root out, to kill out this heresy and outwardly it seemed as if this had been accomplished, still, secretly, at danger of life, a little remnant, the seed remaining, met in stables, in underground rooms or cellars, afar off in caves, among the rocks or in the woods and these precious Kralicka Bibles were sometimes dug up from the earth or removed from their hiding places and read and studied as, methinks, they never could have been in times of peace and safety. After a century or more had passed and the storm of persecution had somewhat abated its fury, one of our preachers tells of a great-grandmother of his thrown into prison because found reading the Bible. A great-aunt saw the priests coming to search the house. What should she do? Quickly she moulded the Bible into the dough (for she was making bread at the time). "Well, you do make good big loaves!" commented the priest. "Oh, but there are a lot of us," was the woman's quick-witted reply.

A neighbor living farther on saw them coming. And what could she do, for they were almost at hand. There was no time to carry her Bible to a suitable hiding place, so in desperation, she dropped it into a tub of food she had been preparing for the cattle. As the search went on, trembling with fear, with skirts outspread she stood by that tub. Finally she could stand it no longer. "Excuse me! I must go and feed the cows," said she and taking up the fodder she hurried to the barn.

Some of the Bibles of this day were curiously formed; long, thick and narrow so that they could be easily thrust into the long leg of a high-topped boot if the owner, reading at his work on the fields, should see some one approaching. And more Bibles were saved during these troublous times in remote mountain huts or hamlets where a search was more difficult than in the cities and villages of the lowlands.

At last in 1781 came the "Edict of Toleration." So many left the Roman Catholic church, so many Bibles were brought out

from their hiding places that the Roman Catholic priests were astonished and dismayed and never had they forgiven the Emperor Joseph II who issued the "Edict" afterward. A farmer learned that his neighbor had come into possession of a Bible in six volumes and he longed to have it as his own. He named the price that he would pay for it. No! the owner did not care to sell. Again and again he tried to make a bargain and at last he sold all his cows and bought the book. In this country that was almost an equivalent to selling all that we have to obtain possession of the goodly pearl.

But the Bible was not really free but ever in chains under Austrian rule. One old man slipped out of life into the shadows saying: "You, my children, may live to find the light. I shall never

see it." And his daughter (the first to leave the Roman Catholic church to join ours), did find the light, but she tells how secretly they had to read the Bible; how those attending the little meetings were watched and spied and sometimes brought before the police, how they could keep a meeting-room for only a little while and at last they had no room at all; but met to read the Bible and pray together out of doors on the banks of the Vltava. "But we were not all sad," said she. "In spite of all the trouble we were very glad."



The Huss Monument, Prague

"The Land of the Book and the Cup." Many, most of our mission churches, began with the reading of the Bible at a kitchen table, the number of guests increasing until there was a company large enough to hire a room fitted up with benches. Often this has meant *gens d'armes* at the door to see that only invited guests entered and many a time it has meant loss of position or work to those who attended. (The priests saw to that.) Eventually there came larger and larger halls filled, as today, with listeners. Our people realize right well that the "Word of God" (the usual name for the Bible here in Bohemia) must be the foundation of all growth, and well do some of them know how to use, in the Lord's work, interesting leaflets or papers, "portions" Testaments, and Bibles.

(To be Concluded)

Changes in China Brought About by Bible Teaching

By Mary E. Andrews, Peking

I HAVE been asked to write about the influence which the Bible has had on the women of China. As I look back and recall the glimpses I had of women when I first came to China, more than fifty years ago, and as I see them all about me today, I realize that the change that has been wrought in them during this half century has been marvelous indeed.

In the conservative old city of Tungchow, my home, women were never seen in the streets, except now and then an *old* woman, *obliged* to go out to make purchases for the family. The place for a woman was in her home and it was a disgrace for her to be seen by any man except her father, brother or husband. True, there were exceptions to the rule. On the first and fifteenth of each month, when the city temple was open for worship, a number of young women might go to burn incense before the idol god, but always under the guardianship of an old woman. And the same thing was allowable when a theatre came to the city. If there was a wedding or a funeral in the family of a near relative, even a young woman might go, but only in a covered cart, with the curtains drawn, so that she was completely secluded from the

eyes of men. And this was the extent of the social life of a woman. Even at her own wedding, she was carried in a closely-curtained sedan chair, from the door of her father's house to that of her husband and only her women friends could have a glimpse of her.

When she entered this home, what was her life there? She was the slave of her mother-in-law. She must not even sit down in her presence unless the mother-in-law graciously allowed it. It was her place to do the work of the family, to light the fires, cook the food, clean the house and wash the clothes. Many of these duties with her closely bound and aching feet were very hard to perform. But whether her life was comparatively comfortable or utterly miserable depended largely on the character of that mother-in-law. If she were a termagant, many were the scoldings and beatings which the young wife had to endure—and with no one to stand up for her, for no filial son would stand up for his wife against his mother. On the other hand, if the mother-in-law were a good natured and amiable woman, then the life of the young bride was much easier. But there was little love in the home. Husband and wife had never seen each other before marriage—indeed they had had nothing to do with the marriage. That was decided for them by their parents with the help of a “middle woman” whose business it was to arrange such matters. A woman did not expect her husband to love her or to make a companion of her. She was to do the work and especially to bear him sons. If she failed in this last duty, her husband might send her away (which was a great disgrace to the woman) or else bring in another wife to share the home, since the one object of marriage was to keep the family from dying out. Naturally the one thing which every married woman longed for was to bear sons who in time would bring home their own wives and she would have the opportunity to rule over them, as her mother-in-law had ruled over her. If the family were a large one so that a number of sons brought home their wives, there was almost sure to be a great deal of quarrelling among the children of the different wives and their mothers, for of course each mother would stand up for her own children.

In those early days I was constantly struck with the vacant look on the faces of the women, as we had glimpses of them now and then, and this was especially true of the women in the wealthy homes to which we gained access. With plenty of servants to do the work, they had nothing to do unless it was a little embroidery on their tiny shoes. Never having had any teaching, they had nothing to think about, nothing to talk about, that was worth while and it was no wonder their faces showed it. In the poorer homes, conditions were a little better since the women and girls were busy with housework and sewing. But they too had nothing better to talk about than the children's quarrels and their neighbors' faults. And worse than all, the women had no desire for learning. "Why should a girl learn to read?" was the invariable answer when we proposed to teach them. And it was only after much patient persuading that they could be induced to try. A dark picture, is it not?

Now for a brighter picture of what we see today. The streets are full of bright-faced girls with their bundles of books, hastening to or from school—little tots for kindergarten, young women for middle school or college. All our mission schools as well as the Government institutions, of which there are many, are thronged and overcrowded.

And what is the outcome of all this education? We continually see these women and girls, self-possessed and in a perfectly womanly way, leading meetings, giving concerts, delivering lectures or staging theatrical performances to raise money for social service. We see them in processions demonstrating for China and against the demands of Japan. We see them going even to the gates of the Presidential mansion, along with their brothers, to demand the release of their fellow-students who have been arrested because of such demonstrations, and refusing to leave, even waiting all night in the cold of winter, until their demands were granted. We see them in the streets in the midst of a terrific dust storm appealing to all passersby for money for famine relief—for the famine is sore in the land this winter. We see girls busily sewing outside of school hours, making articles to sell for the same purpose. We see them, in little bands, going out even in cold and

snow to carry the glad tidings of Jesus' love to those who have never heard. We see them opening homes into which to gather refugees, women and girls, from the most destitute regions and giving their time and strength to care for and teach them. There is no end to the plans which their active brains think out and their busy hands carry out for the good of others or the welfare of their native land. When I think of the cramped, stifled, almost hopeless life of the women of fifty years ago and compare it with the glad, free, helpful life of today, I thank God for what the Bible has done for the women of China.

Editorials

The financial exigencies of the present time have made the utmost caution in all expenditures necessary for the Board, and make it seem probable that in spite of that the established work can with great difficulty be sustained for the coming year. This being the case, it seemed only just to our missionaries that they should be taken into our confidence and an explanation of the situation sent them. A circular letter has, therefore, been sent throughout our mission fields to every missionary of the Woman's Board, to secretaries of missions, and to those of the American Board force who have to a greater or less degree the interests of the Woman's Board work in hand. This measure has been reluctantly recognized by the Woman's Board as necessary, since the continuous calls for increase of staff, more adequate financial support, permission to extend in line with ever-broadening opportunities must pass unheeded as far as the coveted response is concerned. If the Woman's Board's share of the \$5,000,000 apportionment to the churches cannot be realized, positive disaster threatens our work. Even if that is received, no advance in work will be possible, and perhaps the support of all existing work must be curtailed. It would appear inevitable that this should be the result unless generous gifts from individuals swell the amount materially.

Can our readers feel the thrill of joy with which the Woman's Board of Missions makes this announcement? Ever since

**A Doctor for
Ahmednagar.**

Dr. Stephenson's marriage and Dr. Proctor's return to the United States Dr. Ruth Hume has been struggling with the problems and cares of the Ahmednagar Hospital, splendidly seconded by Miss Elizabeth Johnson, her Superintendent of Nurses. But Dr. Hume's furlough was long overdue and yet no doctor had



Dr. Harriet Clark

been found to be her associate. At last Dr. Hume was persuaded that she must lay down the work for a while even if the hospital had to be closed. Now, just in time to avert that calamity, Dr. Harriet Clark of Seattle, Washington, a woman of large experience as a physician, able, strong in physique, with a background of overseas service with the Red Cross and a warm interest in missions, has offered herself for the post, has been appointed and hopes to sail early in May from New York. For this strong new worker we

thank God and to her extend a warm welcome and bid her Godspeed.

Miss Charlotte B. De Forest, president of Kobe College, visited friends in Boston the last of February and after a few weeks in New York will return to Chicago,

Personals.

where she makes her headquarters while on furlough. She plans to sail for Japan, from Vancouver, July 21.

Miss Minnie B. Mills, who has spent her furlough with family friends in Omaha, Nebraska, is now in the East, preparing to return to her work in the American Collegiate Institute, Smyrna.

Miss Myrtle Shane, whose interesting letter appears on page 140, has probably left Kars with the orphans, but her location now is not definitely known

The Woman's Board of Missions has received with the deepest regret the resignations of Miss Anna F. Webb and Miss May Morrison from the teaching staff of the **A Serious loss to Barcelona.** Colegio Internacional, Barcelona, Spain. Miss Webb has been the wise and honored *directora* of the Colegio ever since its relocation in Barcelona and previous to that time was in charge of the school in Madrid after Mrs. Gulick's death in 1903. She has been a missionary of the Woman's Board in Spain since 1892 and feels keenly the wrench of laying down the promising work into which she has put her life without stint for so long a period. But her health makes it necessary for her to seek a change of climate and less exacting conditions. Miss Morrison, her devoted friend and efficient coadjutor, has reluctantly decided that she too must be released from her strenuous duties and their connection with the school will terminate at the close of the academic year. To find successors for these noble women is no easy task. The other members of the faculty are Miss Aldyth L. Eaton, Miss Alice B. Kemp, Miss Eleanor Sykes, Miss Ruby Viets, all under term appointment. The Candidate Committee needs the prayers and assistance of all in touch with possible candidates that the right teachers may be secured for this important place.

The six Christian colleges for women in the Orient, which have set out to raise \$2,840,000 for their more adequate equipment, received February 19 a promise from the **A Much Needed Gift.** Laura Spellman Rockefeller Fund of one-third of this amount or of any part thereof which the colleges may succeed in raising.

The six colleges and their separate needs are the Woman's

Christian College of Japan in Tokyo, \$610,000; Ginling College in Nanking, China, \$790,000; Yenching College in Peking, China, \$840,000; the Woman's Christian College in Madras, India, \$200,000; Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, India, \$200,000; the Vellore (India) Woman's Medical College, \$200,000. The Rockefeller Fund agrees to hold the offer open until January 1, 1923.

Mr. Russell Carter, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, the treasurer of this central fund, says that these colleges have already raised in cash and pledges \$678,459, to which the Foundation is ready to add \$339,229 in accordance with the above agreement. These figures include the special International Christmas Gift made by the women of America for these colleges, which amounted to \$211,662.

These colleges were all founded by foreign missionary agencies, and are union institutions maintained by the Baptist, Congregational, Christian, Lutheran, Methodist-Episcopal, Methodist-Episcopal South, Reformed and Presbyterian Churches, also the Methodist and Presbyterian churches in Canada. They are administered by union boards of managers and trustees and are co-ordinated by a central committee of which Dr. James L. Barton of Boston is chairman, and Mrs. Henry W. Peabody of Beverly, Mass., Dr. Robert E. Speer, Miss Margaret Hodge, Miss Elizabeth R. Bender, and Mrs. DeWitt Knox of New York City and Mrs. William F. McDowell of Washington are members. This committee is continuing its appeal for ten dollar gifts from at least one hundred thousand Christian women of America for these institutions for the higher education of girls in Asia.

We regret that the authorship of *Persian Pictures* was erroneously attributed in the March number of LIFE
Correction. AND LIGHT to Mrs. Platt instead of Mary Fleming Labaree.

Good news comes from Western Maine Branch; State Street Church, Portland, has raised its full quota of the 1921 apportionment, and most of the money has already been paid. This is the strongest church in the Branch, and its successful financial campaign goes far to help the Branch reach its goal. Yet we wonder if the Treasurer is any more encouraged by the results in this large church than by the fact that a small church that gave one dollar last year has recently sent ten, and that another which had not previously given has now sent thirteen dollars. To match these comes a story from Eastern Maine of a church which contributed \$29.25, the full amount of the new apportionment for this year. The church "is only a village in the wilds of the Aroostook County," with a membership of sixty-four, twenty-eight of whom are absentees. "It simply shows," the Treasurer writes, "what can be done if the heart is willing." If these churches can do it, cannot others? If one church by determination, by effort, by sacrifice can reach its goal, what is to hinder the aggregate of churches from reaching their total goal?

**Congregational
World
Movement.**

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK, FEBRUARY 1—28, 1921

	From Branches	From Other Sources	From C. W. M.	From Legacies and Reserve Legacy Fund	Income from In- vestments & Deposits	TOTAL
1920 .	\$11,549.54	—	—	\$780.75	\$449.52	\$12,779.81
1921 .	10,827.32	\$519.17	\$3,421.27	385.32	599.75	15,752.83
Gain .		\$519.17	\$3,421.27		\$150.23	\$2,973.02
Loss . .	\$722.22			\$395.43		

OCTOBER 18, 1920—FEBRUARY 28, 1921

1920 .	\$61,107.55	\$4,004.48	—	\$17,224.00	\$2,682.51	\$85,018.54
1921 .	61,076.41	4,943.95	\$26,096.93	14,297.29	2,780.70	109,195.28
Gain .		\$939.47	\$26,096.93		\$98.19	\$24,176.74
Loss .	\$31.14			\$2,926.71		

Mrs. Richard C. Hastings

Minnie Blanchard Truax was appointed to the Ceylon Mission in 1882. After one year of language study, she married Richard C. Hastings, and the young couple were placed in charge of the Mission Station at Uduppiddi. Mrs. Hastings was given the care of the Girls' Boarding School at that station, and in this work she continued for upwards of fifteen years. During these years she endeared herself to her assistants, and made a very strong impression on all who studied in the school. Her strong convictions, her firm faith, and her fervent love for the Master had wonderful power with her students. Through her influence many of these girls came into fellowship with Jesus Christ.

When in later years Mr. Hastings became principal of Jaffna College, Mrs. Hastings had the same benign influence on the students of the college.

In the Mission station she had charge of the Bible women. She held regular classes with these women, and frequently accompanied them to the homes of the village people. Through such work she came to love the mothers she thus met, and in this way she exerted a great influence for good in the community.

She had the gift of making her home a real haven of rest for her missionary friends. Many a weary one was refreshed by her warm welcome and her cheery outlook on life. Possessed of a warm sympathy, no sacrifice was too great to make for any who were sick or in trouble.

She was an ideal mother, training her children to love the things in life that were really worth-while, and it was a joy to her to give her daughter Minnie to the work in Ceylon in 1912.

To the great regret of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hastings were compelled to retire from the field in 1906, and have recently made their home in New Windsor, Maryland.

For some years she had been in failing health, and on March 2nd of this year she was called to her eternal rest. Of her it may be truly said, "Many will rise up and call her blessed."

T. B. S.

The Outlook from Gedik Pasha, Constantinople

By Ethel A. Putney

COME and look at the view from our big terrace on the top of our school building. Before us to the south is the big sweep of the Marmora with the Asiatic shore a dim blue against the sunset glow. To the west numbers of minarets are grey against the old rose sky and an extensive residence section of the city stretches down across the valley below. That is largely a Turkish quarter and minarets are thick, each one or two standing for a mosque. I have just counted twenty-two in sight, as I wait for the muezzin in the little mosque near us to give the call to prayer. He is standing now in his dark blue fur-lined coat and the green turban which denotes his descent from the Prophet, waiting for the signal from the "Pigeon" mosque on the hill to the north of us. Now the call sounds out: "God is most great, God is most great. I testify that there is no god but God. I testify that Mohammed is the Apostle of God. Come to prayer. Come to prosperity. God is great. There is no god but God."

But neither the Sunday saunterers nor the playing children in the streets below pay any attention. Few keep the required five times of worship now and the educated agree quite frankly with a friend of ours who says he does not believe in religion. "I am neither Moslem nor Christian, but of course when a situation like this arises when all Christendom is arrayed against Islam, I am a Moslem and a strong one," he told me when the Turkish treaty was published last summer.

And yet there is a certain openness of mind and an evident desire for help from whatever source it may come. Dr. Sherwood Eddy's meetings were crowded and there were many requests that he speak in higher Turkish schools and at other times in the University and in a theatre here in the Turkish section of the city. We were all sorry he could not stay here among the Moslems long enough to do more than prepare the ground for later sowings. Near us the Stamboul Branch of the Y. M. C. A.

was opened on Friday with inspection of the building, a pleasant tea and speeches from the chairman and the national secretary of the Y. M. C. A., the head of the Turkish Normal School for men, the director-general of the Turkish orphanages in the city and the head of the Protestant Chancery. Finally Mr. Goodsell of our Mission, who is at present in charge of this Y. M. C. A. work for Turks, declared the building open. The rooms were jammed with guests, mostly Turks, a few foreigners like ourselves and a sprinkling of leading Protestants who are big enough to rejoice in this new opportunity of serving young men, especially those of the ruling race from which they have suffered so much. Now we will see how the young men come to make use of the clubs and classes, lectures and meetings, books and good fellowship.

Before long we expect to open in a distinctly Moslem section, only ten minutes away, a similar house for girls under the Y. W. C. A. The head of one of the two principal schools in Stamboul which receive girls is one of our most ardent Stamboul Branch Committee members, and the English teacher in the other school and its principal are also very cordial to us.

Here in school we see the same willingness to take what we have to give, as far as they understand it. Since the end of August we have refused 188 children, quite half of whom are Turks, because we had no room for them, and some of our 270 are packed in their rooms almost like sardines in a box. Yesterday a man suggested that his niece and nephew might stand if there were no chairs for them, or he would send two for them to use. Any proper public health official would agree with me that we already have more chairs in some rooms than is good for the pupils. I was rather glad that the day when the head of the public health of the city came to put his four-year old daughter in school was a Saturday and there were no children to crowd the rooms. And I was glad too to have a new excuse to give him for refusing to receive her—we don't take children under five years of age.

It is rather heartbreaking to refuse all these children. Some are refugees from the interior. Just yesterday a thirteen-year

old boy came. He had been a pupil at Marsovan and had a letter from Dr. White, president of Anatolia College. His people had been driven out and brought him too. Now the way is closed for him to go back to school. But he doesn't know enough English to go in one of our two highest classes where there is room. He cannot get into the Greek school. I was thankful to send him to the central Y. M. C. A. for they have a school for just such boys. But there is no such hope for the two children for whom chairs were offered yesterday. The Turkish schools are many of them closing now for lack of funds, so these children were put out of their own school, and besides their two uncles say that they want their wards to have the kind of training two cousins are receiving here. I could only suggest that they get a private teacher the rest of the year and register early next autumn. But many cannot do that and their children remain "in the street," as the expression is.

It is estimated that there are in the city 100,000 Turks of school age, and by their own government figures, which are sure to make the situation look better than it is, 25,000 are registered in school. Since these figures were published several of their schools have been closed. A larger proportion of Armenian and Greek children are in school, if we do not count the recently arrived refugees.

Our Sunday school this year has been particularly flourishing. A couple of weeks ago the basement room of the church building which was begun across the street from us before the war, was completed and dedicated by the Gedik Pasha Armenian Evangelical Church. The pastor, our neighbor, came in a few days ago to talk over with us plans of co-operation. The Armenian Christian Endeavor Society is to meet there on Sunday and three of the older Armenian classes of the Sunday school. They will add also an adult Bible class in addition to Mr. Stambouljian's in Turkish, where several nationalities come together. That will relieve greatly the congestion with us. We have two or three available teachers and we hope to get one or two additional classes started.

Of course this Sunday school attendance is all voluntary in

addition to the required curriculum Bible three times a week. We use the Pilgrim Graded lessons which seem to fit our needs very well. Perhaps my favorite class is Senior Bible, using the life of Jesus for our teaching material. The great part of the older children are day pupils also, but our two primary and beginners' departments are made up largely of children who do not come to day school. I hope we can keep an increasing number of these in the upper classes as time goes on and get a larger number of our little day school children to come to Sunday school.

Except for the required Bible lesson and comparatively easy discipline, our school is very like one of similar grade at home. We have more language in our curriculum for, though English is the language of the school, every child studies his vernacular a period a day and French is elective, above the fourth grade, for those who are doing passing work in the required subjects. But the other things are the same old things a child of the same grade studies in an American school. And I was very interested to have one of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries tell me today that our boys were far more like American boys than any other group he had seen out here. I suppose there is a certain atmosphere that they take in unconsciously, for it is very far from our thought to do anything like denationalizing them.

And we have the same mixture of boys and girls, rich and poor that you do. Among the twenty-six children of our second grade is the daughter of a drunken father and a woman who sometimes sells things on the street and who sometimes goes out washing; the son of our Protestant clergyman neighbor who received his training at Edinburgh University, the son of the mayor of Stamboul and the son of an official of the court of the ex-Shah of Persia. In another grade is the son of the ex-Shah who is also brother of the present ruler of Persia, the son of a wealthy cigarette manufacturer, the daughter of a teacher in our school who lost her property and her husband during the deportations, the son of a poor basket-maker who can pay only a tenth of the regular tuition of \$40 a year, besides the children of various self-supporting widows and small merchants.

We find that brains do not go with money any more surely here than elsewhere. One day last August two new Greek pupils were registered. One was the twelve year old son of a wealthy cigarette manufacturer, the other the ten year old boy of a widow who is earning her living by continuing her husband's little cheese shop. Both boys were put in the class of those who did not know English. Now the younger one is sent with honor to the fourth grade and the older rich one can scarcely make the third grade. He will probably leave next year for the Preparatory Department of Robert College so we will do the best we can for him until that time.

I've just been reading with great satisfaction Margaret Sherwood's "A World to Mend." Out here even more than with you the world seems to need a thorough repairing like the shoes Miss Sherwood mentions in which the original substance largely disappeared under the repairs. More and more deeply we are all learning—you and I—that the new world is not going to be built up on new laws or new government but on new men and women, made after the pattern of Christ. What greater privilege than ours who are called to help Him prepare the foundation stones of the new and glorious city of God?

The Kindergarten Foundation

There is much said of Higher Education in Christian Schools—stopping short at nothing less than University training. The super-structure is given much consideration. Is the foundation sometimes forgotten? Can we expect to build lasting character and real intelligence on superstition, materialism and national self-seeking? Verily, the parable of the house built on sand is not out-of-date today! Except for children who have had Christian kindergarten or Sunday school training the Christian educator gets no chance at them until they are twelve, and by that time superstition has done its work, materialism has had its day, and national selfishness has bent each twig.—MISS ANNIE HOWE, *Japan News*.

The Orphans and Their Caretakers

By Myrtle O. Shane, Kars, Turkey

IT has been many months since I have received any Board letters and I often wonder if those I have written have reached you. You doubtless have learned from the papers something of conditions out here and of the departure of the Americans from Alexandropol with the exception of two who are staying on for the matter of supplies, most of which, however, have been moved to Kars which is now considered headquarters. Two of our men have been allowed to go to Tiflis to confer with representatives of the Communist party there, and then also we are waiting for word from New York as to what they advise as to policy here. In the meantime the two in Alexandropol report that the work there is continuing in good shape and that the people are very anxious for our return, and that the work is being held together with that in view. I fear, in fact we know, that conditions will be very bad if we do not, and will be bad enough even if we do—owing to the interruptions and the changes that have come about as a result of it.

As far as the work was concerned, conditions were worse here, owing to the fact that soldiers fled to orphanage grounds and fighting took place. This of course tended to destroy the morale of the workers and orphans, and we found the work in a chaotic state—many of the supplies having been stolen during the disturbances. I was very tired when we reached here and was looking forward to work which carried less responsibility than that which I had been doing in Alexandropol. But it was decided that owing to my experience, I perhaps could more quickly bring order out of chaos than others who had more recently arrived. So after a week's rest I began the task which I confess loomed up before me as an impossibility—almost. But I have gathered my force of workers and begin to see light ahead. It means discipline of orphans and workers—weeding out the inefficient and unnecessary employees and instituting a checking system whereby all supplies coming in are accounted for. One can always find a few efficient, faithful workers, and this nucleus gives one heart to go

ahead. And what a joy it is to have these to depend upon. We have had some dark days but there has never been a time so dark but what, if I went ahead, trusting, the way has opened and the light appeared. One doesn't dare, in this work, not to trust.

Miss Silliman was in the Educational Department in Alexandropol, but I am asking that she be transferred to the Orphanage Department. These two have been separate under the new organization. I think Mr. Yarrow will consent. She will be a valuable assistant and we need to get the home life of the children on a more comfortable basis before striving to do a great deal in the school line. The work here was going well before the fall of Kars, but it certainly needs special effort now to raise it to what it was.

It is very difficult to get wood, but the supply department is making laudable efforts and we have about a month's supply ahead if we use it very carefully—none for heating purposes and until the present none for bathing—only kitchens and laundries. Efforts are being made by the orphans' industrial department to replace the clothing that was taken, but many of the children are thinly clad. Fortunately the winter so far has been fairly open—a rare thing in Kars.

The scenery here is beautiful—but the hills are rather inconvenient when it comes to going about among the orphanages. If you have seen Miss Bond, she can tell you all about it. She did good work here and I know she would like to be here now in spite of conditions. Mr. Maynard is in charge of finances. He and Mrs. Maynard are well. How we do enjoy the children—also the Yarrow children. They are all well and happy. The other evening we were all vaccinated. Little John Maynard cried and said, "Next time I'm going to tell him to use a pencil. Why didn't somebody tell him to stop?"

The Turkish officials have been very friendly to us here. Of course there are always adjustments to be made, but so far things have moved along pleasantly. What a fine thing it would have been if some country could have taken the mandate and done away with conditions that make relief work necessary! If it weren't for so much work to do one could grow very discouraged.

But when one is in the midst of it the opportunity to do the least thing to help is enough to prevent one's morale from sinking very low. And the look in the eyes of the "kiddies" as I always call them, is a reward in itself. How I wish I could have only one orphanage so that I could live closer to some of them. We have had so little time to really get close to them. Perhaps the day will come yet.

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Editorials

A thrill of joy ran through the gatherings of our W. B. M. P. when news came of the consummation of the plans for an Advisory Council for the three Woman's Boards that are auxiliary to the American Board. It was a particularly happy event that Mrs. David Mears and Miss Stanwood were our guests, when the first reports were received. It seemed an augury of the delightful days of closer co-operation just ahead. As an aviator has recently done in forty minutes what it once took the Children of Israel forty years to accomplish, workers in these days must not leave untried any measure that will make for efficiency.

The New Council.

It has been a special delight to have with us Miss Emily Hartwell of Foochow. With all her old-time energy she plunges into her furlough as if it were just another work day, and she is all zest for it. She had great things to tell us, and we many questions to ask. Her plea is for the primary schools of China; without strong work there, the whole system is top-heavy.

A Welcome Guest.

The Making of a Pastor's Wife

By Mrs. Arthur H. Smith

In 1900 Dorcas was a sweet young wife of twenty-nine, with one child, a very pretty little daughter of twenty-eight months. The sixteenth of the fifth month of that year was a momentous day in the life of the Peking church. A black hurricane was threatening, but her kind, genial husband refused to believe the rumors. He said, "Here at the very Capital itself, with the Empress on the throne and all the officials to appeal to, what could happen to us? Our enemies would never dare to do what they threaten." The wedding of her elder sister's daughter had been set for that day, and it was Mrs. Li's duty, as a near relative, to escort the bride to her home outside the Chi Hua Gate. Little she thought, when dressing for that festivity, what was before her ere she would again look into her husband's eyes; she little imagined that she was passing for the very last time out of her own cosy home.

She had gone that road many times before, stopping here and there to say a word for her Lord, so she was recognized at every turn. The Boxers had no gasses or "tear shells," but the devil had outfitted them even better for this campaign, in the deep, deadly fear and hatred of all Christian people, places and customs, with which they had suddenly poisoned the very air. So Dorcas heard constantly, "Oh, *she* is one of them! *She's* a Christian." Returning to her own alley, she found it lined with Boxer swords and guns. Her husband had to rub his eyes. We will not smile at him and his infatuation, for the foreign ministers at the Dragon Court shared that. Dorcas realized the danger, but her husband bravely refused to leave home that night. He was not a hireling, but a real shepherd. "If I go, the church will be terrified, and the place instantly looted." Dorcas fled with the baby girl to her sister's in the Presbyterian mission. Before eight o'clock the London Mission was in flames, and Mr. Li saw the hopeless odds and joined her. He and his own brother, the Presbyterian pastor, went up on the hospital roof and got loose bricks ready to drop

on the heads of looters. But God could not spare either of these men for martyrdom. A colporteur hurried in. "The London Mission and the American Board Mission are in flames, and the Boxers are coming here! Fly!" The Presbyterian pastor said: "How *can* I fly with three little children? I have no way." "Yes, you each carry one," said the bookseller, "and I will carry one on my back." So they started for the Methodist Mission. But on the way our Mr. Li feared lest the Methodist place should share the fate of the other missions, so he, Dorcas and baby turned down a little alley to a friend's house.

It was now dark, and she suddenly heard something to curdle her blood: "He's one! Catch him! Kill him!" She could not see what became of her husband. She was afraid to go on and knew not how to go back, so she sat down on the sill of a big gate. It was a chill night for June, but she wrapped the sleeping child in one of her garments and sat on the hard little seat all night. At four o'clock in the morning her thoughtful, generous soul stirred her to move on. "If I should be killed here, on this threshold, it might get this family into trouble." So she started for the big street. A man on the roof of a house called to her: "What are you doing? You are marching straight into a Boxer camp!" If Mr. Li had been killed she could think of nothing to do but try to get back to her sister, but she'd be obliged to ask the way, as she felt all at sea. Some people who saw her pass said, "Never mind, let her go and suffer a few days. She can't hide anywhere that we can't find her!" Soon after this she met a gentle, kind, white-haired old lady out by the roadside, who said sympathetically, "*Wo ti pao per 'eh!*" (Why, my dearie!) "Why *are* you out so early?" Chatting on, she told how she was all alone in the world. Tactful little Dorcas said, "Let me be your daughter! And will you give me a drink? I'm *so* thirsty." "Surely, come right in." Dorcas didn't need a second invitation, and rested a few blessed minutes until a big, coarse, rough, half-dressed woman burst in, crying out fiercely to the old lady, "What are you harboring such people as this for? That Mrs. T'ien (Dorcas' sister) brought in a lot of this kind of creatures. I'll

go out and get the Boxers now and set them on you! They have already finished that lot of folks and killed Mrs. T'ien." Instead of swooning at this sudden staggering blow, brave little Dorcas said, "Don't trouble to go for the Boxers. I can go to them. You are afraid to die, but I am not." She gave the old lady a ring. "If I die, it is for a keepsake; if I live, I will come again to see you." She fared on wearily, not daring to ask her way, until she came in sight of the burning Presbyterian bell tower. Once she sat a few minutes on a gate sill and let her baby play with two others. Their mother gossiped frankly on the trying conditions. "It was awfully dangerous here yesterday. We burned incense to the gods and had to keep the roof sprinkled with water all night; we were so afraid of being burnt out." The poor little mother must not stay too long, so she toiled on until the middle of the morning.

Then came a fresh pang to the mother heart. Little Glory Grace said so wistfully, "I want my papa. I want a cake to eat. I want to take off my stockings. I want to go home. *I want to go home!*" Her mother gathered the homesick child close to her heart. "Little daughter, our house is all burned up. *I am your home now.*" The child had had only a drink of cold water.

Soon Mrs. Li met a workman from the printing press in her own yard. "Where are you going?" he asked. "I don't know." "Our house is crammed," he said cheerlessly, "and we don't know where to go either." Still Dorcas had the wonderful peace in her heart and was not terrified or overborne. She felt that somehow, even by this strange, devious path she was being led, though it did prick her heart when the plaintive little voice pleaded ever and anon, "I want to go home! I want my papa!"

(*To be Concluded*)

Field Correspondents

Mrs. Frank J. Woodward, of Cagayan, P. I., writes:—

On August 17 the Woodward family started on a tour of the West coast of Misamis Province and now, after eleven weeks of varied experiences, we are at home again ready for routine duties.

Here in Cagayan we have three regular weekly steamers. One of these, the *Misamis*, comes in on Tuesday morning and usually leaves at ten o'clock that night. So when leaving Cagayan, we started at that late hour with three very sleepy small boys. Cots were opened quickly and placed in a row on the deck and by midnight the children had forgotten the exciting events of the evening. In the morning we were at Iligah, but we did not go ashore. The children are always interested in the serving of meals on the steamers; we far less so, for we know what there is to eat. The plates to be used are all on the table, three or four on top of one another, so that one knows in advance the number of courses to be served. We always carry boiled water, milk and some food for the children, as very little is served that they can eat. Some of the passengers were gambling openly during most of the day, and it was so very hot that we sighed with relief as the steamer tied up to the pier at Kolumbugen at five P. M.

We were met by Mr. G——, an American employed in the lumber company here. We stayed in his home until ten o'clock in the evening. Formerly, Mr. G—— was a hard drinker and heavily in debt. About a year and a half ago he was converted and gave his life to Christ. Since then he has been a shining example of faith and trust. He has a good position, has paid his debts and sent his two oldest boys to Silliman Institute. The faithful, hard-working little Filipina wife and eight children have all been baptized by Mr. Woodward during the year. Mr. G—— conducts a small Sunday school in his home and has led several men to Christ. He must be at work at six o'clock, so rises at four-thirty that he may have an hour for prayer and Bible study. At noon he takes time for a few minutes of prayer and then has family prayers at night. We were there for this

service with them and for a quiet hour of helpful talk. It is inspiring to listen to his testimony of how God has led him and answered his prayers. For eighteen months he has stood alone amidst the opposition and evils of a large lumber camp.

The steamer left Kolumbugan at two o'clock in the morning and at two o'clock in the afternoon we reached Oroquieta. We were tired and hot, but found that our first duty was to clean house before evening. We rented an old house and with two men to help, disinfected the walls and scrubbed the floors. By borrowing chairs and a table from the church members and opening cases of supplies, we were ready for supper by six o'clock. In the four weeks we were there I became acquainted with many of the women, visiting them in their homes and teaching those who could come to the Bible classes. I could not do as much outside work as I wished to, as the children had their lessons in the mornings. The mid-day hours were so hot as to prevent the doing of any work calling for exertion. Thus, my only time for work in the homes was in the afternoon. Mr. Woodward was busy all the time, visiting out-stations and assisting in the laying of a cement floor in the new church and in teaching Bible classes. There is much opposition in Oroquieta and some are persecuted. This has only tended to strengthen the congregation. They need a wise, trained pastor to meet the many difficult problems that arise, for their weakness is to fight their enemies rather than to win those who are approachable. The new church was dedicated while we were there and stands a light in that municipality of ten thousand who are without any other true spiritual help.

As Mr. Woodward had to spend a week in Aloran, the children and I went to Baliangao and were settled before he arrived. There we spent seven weeks and were loath to leave. There we have the most pressing need in our field. I was in many of the homes—over a hundred during the trip—everywhere, making an effort to interest the women in Bible study. I found them not only friendly but eager to learn. Many cannot read, so teaching is very necessary. Most of the members are poor and I often found the mother of the family grinding corn on the primitive

hand-mill, which is made by hewing two stones flat and making them rotate—the upper one on top of the lower. The upper one has a hole through it through which the corn is poured. While there, many children had fever and as there is no resident doctor, Mr. Woodward was frequently called, and asked to pull troublesome teeth.

The cockpit is a great attraction on Sunday in all of these towns. In Baliangao, even women were in the crowd. As Sunday gambling in the cockpit is a legalized sport, the gambling debts must be paid. These debts take precedence over other debts. The very poor suffer the most from this evil, and especially the women and the children. We need to give the people other diversions and to give the people also spiritual leadership. We long to send them a leader at once, but we must wait for men.

The trip home was uneventful, though we had to travel fifty miles by launch. We ran upon the coral rocks twice and the engine stopped for half an hour at one time, when we were made somewhat uncomfortable by the rolling of the boat. We spent a night in the municipality of Plaridel and then went on to Oroquieta where we spent another night. There we saw the eclipse of the moon. The first intimation we had of it was the loud clamor in the streets, bells ringing, pans being beaten and much shouting of the name "Bakinawa" and "Backinawa, give us back the moon." There is an old legend that a huge snake is trying to swallow the moon and the prayers and pleadings of the people avail to cause it to give the moon back again. The noise and confusion lasted during the time of the eclipse. From Oroquieta we returned by launch to Kolambugan where we spent three days at the home of Mr. G——. They have but four rooms, but the nine children played happily together. On Sunday we had communion services in the home and an open-air service in the public market with over one hundred in attendance, listening attentively to the message and songs.

Mrs. Emmons E. White writes from Madura Missions, India, in a letter to personal friends:

Just before I left Tirumangalam the terrible bubonic plague made its appearance for the first time in the remembrance of the people. It was first brought to our attention by Martha, one of our Bible women. She said that in the street where she went to teach, people were dying from something that seemed like plague. But, as they feared they would have to vacate their houses if it were known, they were reporting the deaths as from fever, and were burning the bodies before they could be examined. There were from five to ten deaths a day. And all day long we would hear the tom-toms beaten in the funeral procession. Mr. White at once reported the matter to the authorities, but as they were Indians, and Hindus at that, their investigations consisted in going to the houses where there was plague and calling in, "What's the matter?" The answer was, "Nothing but fever." Mr. White asked them several times to investigate and then went to the English officials in Madura, who at once ordered a thorough investigation. Not until then was the report confirmed and a doctor sent to inoculate. Meanwhile two rats had died in our own pastor's house right on the compound. The rats begin to die first, and then the people.

We did have a tussle to get people inoculated. They all thought it was some invention of the evil one to kill them anyway. When the doctor came, I went to the school and told all the children to come to the bungalow. The boys came very willingly, but the girls lifted up their voices and wailed. Only one bright little girl smiled at me confidently that she wasn't afraid. She led the weeping procession to the bungalow. The sight of the crying girls rather undermined the morale of the boys, and it looked like Bedlam until Mr. White thought of the Victrola. Eighty-seven people marched up (some were forcefully marched) to be inoculated to the tune of "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Mr. White was inoculated first to show that it wasn't so bad. I was not inoculated that day, as I thought some of the children might develop some fever, but every one was well. I really think some were disappointed that they didn't die just to prove their point.

Two days later the rest of our Christians came to be inoculated. At the head of the procession I went over to the Travellers' Bungalow, that the Hindus might see how simple it was and come, too. As I went along I called to any Hindu or Mohammedan friends whom I saw to come along. Many said, "If Ammaal is going, we'll go, too," and joined the crowd. I was inoculated first, and the rest seemed to think that if I could stand it that they could, too, so we got through with that ordeal gloriously. I do wish I had a picture of that motley crowd following me. It was funny! I do believe the Lord makes things funny at times like that just to relieve the tension. I was about the only one of the lot to have fever, but I didn't go to bed or confess that anything was wrong. It wouldn't have been wise to dampen their spirits at that time.

We have two Bible women in Tirumangalam, named Martha and Devakirupai ("Grace of God"). Both of these women are



Tirumangalam girls playing English game translated into Tamil

widows, as are most of the Bible women. Unmarried women, even among Christians, cannot move around alone freely without exciting evil talk. So these women do their housework, get their children started off to school, and at about 8.30 or 9 o'clock they start off for their morning's work. By that time most of the Hindu women will have finished their work, sent their men-folk off to work, and will be ready to study. They would not study before the men for fear of being laughed at. Most of the women who study belong to the higher castes. The lower caste women usually have to do cooly work to help support the family. These caste women seldom go out except to draw water at a nearby well, so the visit of the Bible woman is of some importance in breaking the monotony of endlessly sitting around with nothing to do.

Perhaps the first house to which Martha goes is a Mohammedan home where a young girl about twenty-five years old is studying. Her husband is an old man at least seventy-five or eighty years old. There is a well within the house, so she never goes out even to draw water. Eagerly she inquires for all the news of the town, and is loath to stop for her lesson. When it comes to the Bible verses she doesn't want to say them. She wants to read, but doesn't want to study the Bible. The Bible woman, however, explains that unless she will study the Bible her visits will have to cease, so rather than forego that privilege she repeats the verses. It is usually only Mohammedans who object to studying the Bible.

After about an hour, Martha finally gets away to the next house, where two girls of the Nadar, or merchant caste, are studying. Here no one is idle. One or two women are pounding rice out of the husks, either for the family use or to sell; another is grinding rice flour in a primitive stone mill; another is mixing material for cakes; another is grinding the hot spices for curry on a large stone. But they all stop for a few minutes' gossip with the Bible woman before going about their duties while the girls study.

In another house the old grandmother is nearly blind from cataracts on her eyes. She has visited some native doctor, who

has performed some crude operation, leaving the old woman's eyes red and sore, perhaps beyond all cure. The Bible woman prays with this woman and tells her about Him who gave sight to the blind. Martha will probably ask "Ammal" for medicine when she comes back to the compound. In the next house Martha finds the little brother suffering from fever. There also is prayer and advice as to what to do for the invalid. In one house the men are all at home working, so the women steal off to the house next door, which belongs to a relative, to read the lesson.

So each Bible woman visits five or six houses a day, returning at noon to cook the rice for herself and children, and starting out again before the women are busy preparing for the night meal. Each home has a different story and a different problem in which the Bible woman plays her part in solving. In many ways it is a hard life, but it is a rewarding life. The Bible women are looked up to and respected even by the men, who often ask their advice and opinions. Never have I heard them complain of their work. Each one has twenty-five or thirty pupils whom she visits at least once a week. Since we have been in Tirumangalam we have seen one family come to Christianity through the influence of the Bible woman. Thangamal, or "golden lady," studied with Devakirupai. Several times I visited the house and talked with both the father and mother. They seemed very much interested in Christianity. Now the two small boys attend boarding school, and the whole family come to church every Sunday. Many women have told me that they believed on Christ, but did not openly confess Him because of their families. I wonder what you would tell these women? We have his words, "Any man who loves father or mother or husband or child more than Me is not worthy of the Kingdom of Heaven," and yet the lot of the lone woman in India is a hard one. They can't do any work to earn their living. So I don't urge them, but let them wait until their love is great enough to make them take the step of open confession of their own accord.

Prayer
at Noontide



Encircling
the Earth

A Difficult Sum in Addition

By Mrs. Frank Mason North

In the noble version of the Bible given to us by that "Defender of the Faith," King James—the Bible of our childhood, still dearer to us than any other—we find St. Peter's sum in addition, an example of spiritual mathematics: "Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity." A long, very long, sum in addition, which it takes a life-time to work out!

We will consider only the first three figures: "Add to your faith energy" (a better rendering than virtue, which is passive, while the word of Peter expresses action)—"Add to your faith energy, and to energy knowledge." Faith, service, knowledge; believing, serving, studying—and the result of this sum in addition Peter gives us: "If these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

But our Revised Version gives another rendering: "In your faith supply energy, and in your energy knowledge." Here it is chemistry, rather than mathematics. Our faith must have in it the element of energy, and the essential element in our energy must be knowledge. As Christians concerned in the coming of Christ to the hearts of all mankind, our faith must possess the active principle; for "faith without works is dead," and our action must be guided by the knowledge of our task. Misdirected energy is a dangerous force. And this knowledge is gained by a delightful process; we call it mission study!

It deals with that subject which "the angels desire to look into"—the great theme of which Moses and Elias talked with Christ

upon the Mount of Transfiguration—the theme which has filled the thoughts of saints and prophets, priests and martyrs through all the Christian centuries—the theme of the song of the multitude that no man can number before the throne of God and of the Lamb: “Thou was slain and has redeemed us unto God by Thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation, and has made us unto our God kings and priests.” For what is this great Song of Heaven but the final chapter of the mission study book of the world, whose theme in different lands and languages and in different ages is Christ’s salvation of mankind?

Has mission study proved its value? Let us see. It was mission study which laid the foundation of the great Protestant missionary endeavor of the last one hundred years, when as yet there was none of it. In a little English village one hundred and thirty years ago a young cobbler sat at his bench, adding to his humble living as a village pastor by making shoes. Beside him on the bench were Captain Cook’s “Voyages Around the World,” a geography and his well-worn Bible. As he tapped away at the shoes, his eyes turned often to the rude map upon the wall, a map which he had made from pieces of brown paper, and on which he had written bits of information about the strange peoples of far lands who know not God. His Bible opened often to the fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah: “Enlarge the place of thy tent.” It seemed to him the call of God to go up and possess those shadowed lands for Christ. When he modestly raised the question among his brother ministers, “whether the obligation to teach all nations was not still binding upon the Church,” he was rebuked as a “miserable enthusiast.” But the fire still burned in his heart, fed with fuel of mission study. With remarkable cogency he wrote the first great missionary text-book of Protestantism, “An Inquiry Into the Obligations of Christians to Use Means for the Conversion of the Heathens.” This is declared to be the first and still the greatest missionary treatise in the English language, and laid the foundation for his most powerful of missionary sermons, “Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God.” William Carey was the founder of our modern Protestant Mis-

sionary Endeavor, and the foundations were laid in his careful, patient, intelligent, compassionate study of the needs of the world.

Our thoughts this year are laying special emphasis upon the evangelistic side of our task. The evangelistic passion is the essential of the Christian life. In these days of elaborate machinery the pendulum often swings too far the other way. We need to "recapture that fine, careless rapture" of Francis of Assisi to feel that "heavenly thirst for souls" that Xavier knew, to have the longing of David Brainerd "to be a flame of fire, glowing with Christ's love for the lost," to seek with all our powers, not the reconstruction, but the rebirth of the world in Christ. Our cardinal truth is: "Whosoever shall call upon the Lord shall be saved." But we must add one more to the searching questions of Paul: "How shall they call upon Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?" And how shall we send unless *we know*, not as a sentiment, but from actual, detailed study the needs of the world?

Much missionary zeal in the old days was founded upon the quick sympathy aroused by the pathetic stories of the physical sufferings of women and children in non-Christian lands. But we must not depend upon an emotional basis. The day is coming when under the influence of western civilization, the surface contacts of the Orient with Christianity, the painful features of Oriental life will greatly diminish. Suttee has gone, foot-binding is going, the marriage age has been raised, and child widows are permitted to re-marry. Western science is sending its healing stream into unclean and sick and sore and deadly places of the world; western education is bringing light into dark minds and dreary lives. But when all this blessed work is achieved, the world will not be saved. The Christian task is more than this—to bring the life of God into the soul of man the world around.

Is it not a part of our blessed task to persuade the uninterested women of our society and of our churches of the value and the joy of mission study? An American woman who shuts herself into a mental zenana in these days belongs to another country and

to another century. A new responsibility rests upon us now through the suffrage. *As Christian citizens*, we need mission study. In these days when no nation liveth unto itself, every ballot which we cast is like the bullet of the Concord Minute Man, "heard round the world."

More and more we must follow our missionaries in studying the larger problems of the non-Christian nations. Does the uninterested woman say, "Such study is heavy, dry, it is high, I cannot attain unto it?" Let us urge her to endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ and love Him with the mind as well as the heart and soul.

Then there are those good old reasons for mission study which we can bring to bear upon the uninterested woman. *As a Christian mother*, she needs it. Some school children were asked to define the word "missionary." One said that it was a basket passed around in church. Evidently the mother of that child was not a member of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society! Another said, "Missionary is a place where women go." Evidently the mother of this child did attend a missionary meeting, but she certainly did not buy a mission study book or even a leaflet.

Cyrus Hamlin, who gave such splendid missionary service to Turkey, says that his first thought of the mission field came to him from the missionary magazine on his mother's table. History is full of beautiful stories of the influence of mothers in the lives of the pioneer missionaries and Christian leaders: Monica and her gifted son, the great Augustine, who counted "the whole world for a parish"; Aithne, the princess of ancient Scotia, who dreamed in true Irish fashion that her son would spread "a mantle of flowers and rainbows" over all the isles of pagan Britain, and whose dream came spiritually true in the superb work for Christ of the great Columba of Iona. When the father of the young Francis of Assisi chained him in a dark room to keep him from his destiny, his gentle mother, the Lady Pica, released him and sent him forth to answer the call of God in his soul. It was the prayers of humble, devoted mothers that sent many a Pietist and Moravian missionary to the ends of the earth for Christ's sake. We can never forget Susannah Wesley's joy when her sons sailed

for Georgia. How often at the altar of our own commission service we hear a fresh, young voice speaking of a mother's influence in helping to make the great life-decision!

But it is not for the sake alone of the children who go to the mission field that the mothers need the knowledge of the world gained through mission study; even more in these days does the Church at home need to be constantly reinforced for its great foreign task by those who have grown up in a home atmosphere of intelligent and consecrated devotion to the cause of Christ in all the world.

Above all, *as Christians* we need mission study. As of old in Galilee, Christ walks on the highways and along the little lanes of the world; and the sick and sinful are being brought to Him for healing. Shall we not follow His steps and see His work? Shall a great new book of the Acts of the Apostles be written and we not read it? Shall the Good Shepherd be seeking those other sheep whom He must bring, and we know nothing of those steep and thorny mountain pathways where they stray and suffer? "I will," He said, "that those whom Thou has given Me be with Me where I am." We know where we may find him, for "The Son of Man came to seek and to save those who are lost."

And we must hasten. Never were such great issues for the world and for Christ's kingdom being settled, rightly or wrongly, as now. How often the heartbreaking words come to our missionaries, "Oh, if this is true, why has it not been told us long ago?"

The old Indian said to the first missionary to his dusky tribe: "It is now late. It is past noon. My people have gone down like leaves in the forest." When Francis Xavier brought the message of Christ to the island just discovered by Europe, called Japan, the Japanese who heard him wept that to those whom they had loved and lost had never come the Good News of the loving God.

We must hasten the coming of the kingdom for the sake of the souls that are suffering, sinning, dying without Him. Let us gather knowledge for our energy and energy for our faith, that, as never before, we may do His will.

—Courtesy of *The Missionary Friend*.

Junior Department

Shepard of Aintab: the Beloved Physician of Turkey

By Herbert Wright Gates

C. E. Topic for April 24, 1921. Scripture: Mark 1:29-33; Luke 7:18-22

Note:—For suggestions in presenting this program in Christian Endeavor Societies, see the leaflet called "Mission Study and Service for Young People for 1921," prepared by the Congregational Education Society and already distributed widely through the churches, but available at any of the denominational headquarters. This will give valuable reference material for additional suggestions and will also give the arrangement for treating the subject.

It was a chilly, drizzly December morning. Dr. Shepard and the Rev. F. F. Goodsell were loading shells in their tent preparatory to a day's hunting, when visitors were announced. In they came, ragged, decrepit, bedraggled Kurds who had travelled ten hours or more from a mountain village to consult the great doctor. And he, with no thought of the holiday so sorely needed, received them kindly, and held a clinic then and there.

Meanwhile they talked, and Mr. Goodsell heard this: "Why did the doctor come to Turkey? Aren't there any sick people in America?" Another said, "Don't you see how rich these Americans are? They don't come here because they can't find anything to do in America. They come here because they can get bigger salaries." Here the *mullah* of the group broke in: "You don't understand religion," he said. "Of course the Americans are richer than we are. If Dr. Shepard stayed in America, he could get ten times as much money. It isn't the money he wants; he's trying to save his soul. He has made a vow or committed some sin for which he makes atonement by working among us."

Just then the young fellow whose wound Dr. Shepard had been dressing spoke up. "You fellows don't know what you are talking about. Two years ago when my wife was sick we took her to the hospital at Aintab. For three weeks I waited and went every day to the hospital. You should have seen the way she was treated. I talked with the other patients. One man said, 'We ought to call

this the health-home, not the sick-house. These people, too, have a strange way of talking about *Hazerti Eesa* (Jesus). He seems to be their Master, and they act as if He cared for us, too.' Before my wife was well enough to come home, I found out something about *Hazerti Eesa* for myself. One of the young men gave me an *Injeel* (Gospel) and told me to read it. If you want to know the real reason why Dr. Shepard and these other Americans came to Turkey, you just read that book."

A Glimpse of His Work. Dr. Shepard and his wife, also a physician, were graduates of the University of Michigan and Cornell. They went to Turkey in the early eighties. Dr. Shepard took charge of the medical department of the Central Turkey College. It was pioneer work. They faced the grossest superstition regarding the cause and cure of disease. Lack of the simplest rules of sanitation made plagues a common thing. Native doctors, or medicine men, worked the most cruel practices and opposed the Christian physician. But real skill, human kindness and boundless love and patience won the victory. In 1888 the medical school had to be given up for lack of funds, and Dr. Shepard threw himself into the work of developing the hospital. Patients came from miles around, and the physical cures were not the only beneficial results.

A Grateful Turk. Dr. Shepard once performed a successful operation for abscess on the liver of the son of a rough and wild Turk living a day's journey from the city. Years after, the Christian preacher in that village was being stoned to death by a mob when he appealed to this Turk for help. "Why do you come to me?" said the Turk. "I am from Aintab, a friend of Dr. Shepard," was the reply. It was enough. The Turk took him at once under his protection. The mob went to the Governor, who sent word to the Turk to hand the preacher over to his enemies. "The man is a friend of Dr. Shepard and my guest. I have ten sons and servants, all well armed. If you think you can take him, come and try."

Honored by All. Dr. Shepard won his way steadily. His services were so freely and successfully given that prejudice vanished. When he went to America on his first furlough, repre-

sentatives of the Jewish, Moslem and Christian communities gave him a silver coffee set in token of their appreciation. On his return he was met by a committee representing the city and district governments, with a large crowd of residents of every class who came an hour's journey out from the city to welcome him. Later he was decorated by the Turkish government in recognition of his services.

A Martyr to His Work. While Dr. Shepard did not meet his death by violence, he was no less a martyr. The sufferings of his beloved Armenians broke his heart, and he gave lavishly of his strength trying to aid them. His work is now taken up by his son.

The Meaning of Such a Life. These brief notes barely hint at the thrilling story of Dr. Shepard's life work. Read the book, *Shepard of Aintab*, by his daughter, Mrs. Riggs, or send to the American Board, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, for the two pamphlets in the Envelope Series, *Shepard of Aintab* and *Your Doctor Abroad*. The latter will give some idea of the need for medical missionaries. This can be made clear by contrast. There is but one scientific doctor on the average to 2,000,000 people in the non-Christian world. How many doctors would this give to any of our large cities? Contrast the hideous methods of native "healers" with the tender care of a modern Christian hospital.

Summary of Receipts, February 1-28, 1921

MRS. FRANK GAYLORD COOK, *Treasurer.*

Cong'l World Movement	\$3,421.27	North Middlesex Branch	\$146.03
Gifts not credited to Branches	880.17	Old Colony Branch	39.00
Eastern Maine Branch	306.53	Springfield Branch	689.78
Western Maine Branch	48.00	Suffolk Branch	3,288.35
New Hampshire Branch	154.25	Worcester County Branch	258.00
Vermont Branch	160.42	Rhode Island Branch	63.51
Andover and Woburn Branch	173.35	Eastern Connecticut Branch	101.15
Berkshire Branch	3.00	Hartford Branch	566.46
Essex North Branch	259.65	New Haven Branch	2,275.98
Essex South Branch	323.06	New York Branch	2,436.69
Franklin County Branch	35.00	New Jersey Branch	1,188.02
Hampshire County Branch	54.00	Pennsylvania Branch	145.40
Middlesex Branch	36.00	Southeast Branch	5.00
Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch	20.00		
		TOTAL	\$17,078.07

TOTAL FOR FEBRUARY

Donations	\$11,346.49
Cong'l World Movement	3,421.27
Buildings	1,102.88
Specials	1,207.43
Legacies	383.48
TOTAL	\$17,461.55

TOTAL FROM OCTOBER 18, 1920, TO FEBRUARY 28, 1921

Donations	\$66,020.36
Cong'l World Movement	26,096.93
Buildings	7,987.46
Specials	2,524.31
Legacies	1,983.48
TOTAL	\$104,612.54

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